

## The History of

O, the Divell take such cozeners, God forgive me,  
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done yfaith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ranfome straight,  
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you: my Lord,  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed  
Shall secretly into the bosome creep  
Of that same noble Prelate well-belov'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of *Torke*, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scrope*:  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
And onely staves but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: upon my life it will do well.

*Nor.* Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Torke*,  
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly well ayde.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads, by raising of a head:  
For, bear our selves as even as we can,  
The King will alwayes think him in our debt,  
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how it doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.*

## Henry the Fourth.

*Hot.* He does: he does; wee be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:

He shall to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,  
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong rames,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*Nor.* Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive I trust.

*Hot.* Unkle, adieu: O let the houres be short,  
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*1 Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, he be hang'd,  
*Charles-maine* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not  
packt. What *Ostler*?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

*1 Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* saddle, put a few stocks in  
the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of all cresse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*2 Car.* Pease and beans are as danke here as a dog, and that  
is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this house is turn-  
ed upside down since *Robin Ostler* died.

*1 Car.* Poore fellow never joyed since the price of Oates  
rose, it was the death of him.

*2 Car.* I think this to be the most villanous house in all  
*London* road for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

*1 Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King  
christen could be better bit, then I have bin since the first cock.

*2 Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordan, and then we  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like  
a Loach.

*1 Car.* What *Ostler*, come a way, and be hang'd, come a way.

*2 Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two rafes of ginger,  
to be delivered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

*1 Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-  
ved: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in  
thy head? canst not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as  
drink,

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